LVCIAN'S ΔΡΑΠΕΤΑΙ Englished.

——Mutato nomine, de te Fabula narratur.——

Printed in the Yeer 1648.

A. Gel. Nact. Attic. lib. 9. cap 2.

AD Herodem Atticum, *consularem virum, ingenióque amæno & græcâ facundia celebrem, adiit, nobis præsentibus, palliatus quispiam & crinitus, barbáque probè ad pubem usque porrectá; ac petiit æs sibi dari* εἰς ἄγλως· *tum* Herodes *interrogat quis homo esset; atque ille, vultu sonitúque voeis objurgatorio* Philosophum *sese esse dicit; & mirari quoque addit cur quærendum pntasset quod videret. Video, inquit* Herodes, *barbam & pallium*; Philosophum *nondum video*, &c.

Hoc dolori mihi & ægritudini est, quòd istiusmodi animalia spurca atque probra nomen usurpant sanctissimum, & Philosophi *appellantur.*

Cur nos patimur nomen Philosophiæ *illustrissimum in hominibus deterrimis exordescere?*

L. Apul. Florid.

SEd *cumprimis* Alexandri *illud præclarum: quòd imaginem suam, quo certior posteris proderetur, noluit á multis artificibus contaminari, sed edixit universo Orbi suo, ne quis effigiem Regis temerè assimilaret, ære, colore, cœlamine: quin solus eam* Policletus *ære du-*

ceret, ſolus Apelles *colоribus deliniaret, ſolus* Pyrgoteles *cœlamine excuderet* —— *Quod utinam pari exemplo* Philoſophiæ *edictum valeret : nè qui imaginem ejus temerè aſſimilaret, uti pauci boni artifices : iidem probè eruditi omnifarium ſapientiæ ſtudium contemplarent : neu rudes, ſordidi, imperiti, pallio tenus* Philoſophos *imitarentur : et diſciplinæ regulam tam ad bene dicendum, quàm ad bene vivendum repertam, malè dicendo & ſimiliter vivendo contaminarent,* &c.

Apol. AND is it true, O Father, as they report, that one hath thrown himſelfe into the fire in the very face and open view of the Olympicks, being of good yeers, and of no mean account among the Quackers? for ſo the *Moon* told us, that ſaw him burn.

Jup. Very true, *Apollo*; and for my part, I heartily wiſh that it had never been.

Apol. Why? Was he ſo good an old man, and was it ſo great pity that he ſhould periſh by fire?

Jup. It may be he was: but I very well remember what a damnable ſtink I endured by reaſon of it, as you may well think what a perfume the bodies of roſted men will make;

and had I not preſently gotten my ſelf into Arabia, that ugly ſmoke had undoubtedly made an end of mee: and notwithſtanding all the ſweet ſavours there, and the abundance of rich ſpices, and very much frankincenſe, that odious perfume will hardly yet out of my noſtrils: The very remembrance of it makes me ſomewhat queaſie,

Apol. But what was his intent, O *Jove*, in ſo doing? and to what end, caſting himſelf thus into the fire, was hee ſo willing to be chark'd and coal'd?

Jup. For this (Son) you may not impeach him, unleſſe you accuſe *Empedocles* too, who long before him leapt into the grates in *Sicily*.

Apol. You talk of ſome ſtrange kinde of Melancholie: but I pray inform me, what cauſe had this man of ſo doing?

Iup. I will report to thee his own ſpeech which he made before that great Aſſembly, apologizing for the

manner

manner of his death: for he ſaid, as I remember,—— But what woman's that which comes in ſo much haſte, troubled, and weeping, like one that hath received very much injury? 'tis even *Philoſophia*! ſhee complaineth very much, and cals very hard upon mee. Daughter, why weep'ſt thou? and why haſt thou abandoned men, and art come up hither? have ignorant people conſpired againſt thee as heretofore, when upon the accuſation of *Anytus*, they made away with *Socrates*? Art thou fled from them for this cauſe?

Phil. No ſuch matter, Father, I have all due reſpect from them, the common people; they have both reverenced and admired me, and have in a manner adored me, though not guilty of underſtanding much the matters I diſcourſe of: but my injury (how can I without impatience report it?) is done by thoſe who have ſhrouded themſelves under my name, and profeſſed themſelves my ve-

ry friends and familiars.

Iup. Have the Philoſophers then conſpired againſt thee?

Phil. Not ſo(Father)neither; they have ſuffered with me.

Iup. Who then have done thee wrong, if thou neither chargeſt the common people, nor the Philoſophers?

Phil. There are certain people (O *Iupiter*) in the confines as it were between both, in garb, aſpect, gate and habit like us, who pretend to march under my colours, and to uſurp my name, calling themſelves my diſciples, chamber-fellows, and of my ſociety; but their life (a matter of no ſmall diſhonour to us) is abominable, full of ignorance, impudence, and impurity: By theſe am I abuſed, O *Iupiter*, and by reaſon of theſe am I fled hither.

Iup. Theſe are ſad things thou telleſt, Daughter: but wherin eſpecially have they violated thee?

Phil.

Phil. Conſider, O Father, whether they be inconſiderable or no: for thou having beheld the life of mortall men, how it was full of injuſtice and tranſgreſſion, accompanied with ignorance and villany, and thereby having ſuffered very much, taking pity at laſt upon the condition of humane affairs, hurried thus, and toſt too and fro through ignorance of what was right, thou diſpatchedſt me, giving me in charge to take all care, that men might ceaſe injuring one another, and leaving off their beſtial life of rapine and violence, might have regard to juſtice and truth, and live, and converſe together more peaceably. For when thou firſt employedſt me in this buſineſſe, thou ſpakeſt to this purpoſe: Thou ſeeſt, Daughter, what men do, and how through ignorance they are affected; and I (for I pity them very much) make choice of thee, as the moſt ſoveraign remedy which I can think of, to cure their miſerable condition.

Iup. I remember very well that I ſaid much to this purpoſe at that time: But go on, and ſay how they entertained thee then, and how thou comeſt to ſuffer now.

Phil. I went not ſtraight to the Grecians at that time (O Father) but what ſeemed a harder task to me, my firſt work was to inſtruct the Barbarians, and to teach them. I paſt by the Greeks at that time, as wel knowing their eaſineſſe to be brought under my yoak and diſcipline; and ſo poſted away in all haſte to the Indiands, the greateſt Nation then in the world: with no great difficulty I perſwaded them to alight from their Elephants, and to come and converſe with me: ſo that inſtantly that happy race of men, the Barchmanes borderers to the Necrei, and the Oxydracians entred themſelves under me, and live according to my Preſcripts, honour'd and eſteem'd of all their neighbours, and die after a rare manner.

Iup.

Iup. Doſt thou mean the Gymnoſophiſts? for among other things concerning them, I hear that they get up to a very great pile, and ſo endure burning without diſcompoſing themſelves at all. But this is no great matter, I very lately ſaw the like done in the Olympicks; and 'tis not unlikely that thou wert there while the old man was burning.

Phil. I came not, O Father, into the Olympicks, for fear of thoſe curſed Rogues, which I ſhook off, becauſe I ſaw many of them going thither fully reſolved to rail at all they met with, and to make all the backſide ring with their barking; ſo that I ſaw not the old fellow how he dy'd. After the *Brachmanes*, I went directly to *Ethiopia*, from thence down into *Egypt*, and converſing with their Prieſts and Prophets, and inſtructing them in my Myſteries, I went to *Babylon*, initiating the *Chaldeans* with their *Magi*; ſo from thence away into *Scythia*, then to *Thrace*, there *Eumolpus* and *Orpheus* met with

with me, whom I dispatched before me into *Greece*; the one, *Eumolpus*, to enter them in holy mysteries (for he had learnt them all before of mee;) the other to charm them with powerfull Musick. I followed them at the heels. At my first coming the Greeks neither very affectionately entertained mee, nor very uncivilly excluded me. But after some small conversation with them, I brought over seven of them to be my Companions and Disciples, and another out of *Samos*, and another out of *Ephesus*, and a third out of *Abdera*, but a poor company in all. After whom (I know not how) I had a numerous tribe of Sophisters springing up, neither deeply engaged in my Studies, nor quite averse from them; a mixt kinde of people, like *Centaurs*, made up of a Horse and a Man, sauntring up and down between ignorance and *Philosophy*; neither totally giving themselves up to ignorance, nor being perfectly able to look upon mee with a

ſtedfaſt and fixt eye; but as it were purblinde, and obſcurely beholding our uncertain Image, as it were a ſhadow; they were notwithſtanding of opinion, That I was fully comprehended by them. Hence is that unprofitable, and unneceſſary, and, as they ſuppoſe, inexpugnable wiſdom, which prevails amongſt them, their cunning, captious, and abſurd anſwers, their inextricable, and labyrinthean queſtions; and whenſoever my friends forbid them, and reprove them for it, they preſently begin to take pet, to ſide, and plot againſt them; at laſt they get them clapt up, and delivered over to ſwallow Hemlock. Then I ſhould have preſently, perchance, been packing, and no longer have endured their company; but *Antiſthenes*, *Diogenes*, and a little after *Crates*, and *Menippus* prevailed with me to ſtay a little longer, which truly I now am ſorry for; for had I gone then, I had prevented theſe miſchiefs which ſince have happened. *Jup.*

Iup. Thou haſt not, O *Philoſophia*, yet told me wherein thou art wronged, but art onely in a chafe.

Phil. Therefore hear, O *Iupiter*, how much I have been injuried. There is a certain abominable kinde of men, mercenary, and not brought up with us from children in an ingenuous way, having no leaſure from their ſervice, and trades; which it was like ſuch fellows ſhould be trained up to, as Shooemakers, Carpenters, Fullers, Carders, Spinſters, and Weavers, *&c.* Spending all their youth in theſe employments, they were not ſo much as acquainted with my name: But after they came to be men, and ſaw with what great reverence my friends were courted by the common people, how patient the people were to endure their freedom and liberty of Speech, willingly ſubmitting to their Care, both ready to obey their Counſels, and tremble at their Reprehenſions; Theſe things they accounted a piece

of

of no ſmall, nor narrow Dominion. But on the other ſide, to learn exactly all that belonged to this Profeſſion, was no ſmall task neither, and as the caſe ſtood with them, altogether impoſſible. Now for ſordid & mechanick Arts, (with a great deal of travel to boot) they are ſcarce able to relieve them with neceſſaries; and for ſervitude, it is to moſt very grievous, and indeed utterly intolerable. In this perplexity they betake themſelves to the laſt refuge, to caſt out the laſt Anchor, reputed ſacred amongſt Seamen, and ſpurring on to that moſt excellent degree of Infatuation, they call unto their ayd boldneſs, ignorance, and impudence, three of the beſt Advocates, and found out a new and uncouth way of railing, which upon all occaſions was at their tongues end ready to ſerve them. Do you ſee here an excellent *Viaticum* to *Philoſophy*? They compoſe and transform themſelves moſt elegantly, and deal with me as

Eſop

Eſop ſays the Aſs of *Cuma* did, Who putting on the Lyons skin, and fiercely braying, ſuppoſed that he was preſently become a Lyon; and perhaps there were many that beleeved he was ſo indeed: for our matters are (as thou knoweſt) moſt eaſie, and ready to be imitated, I mean in reſpect of the formality and outward part; for there needs no great buſineſs to put on a poor thredbare cloak, to tye on a ſcrip, and to get a ſtaffe in ones hands, and to cry, or rather to bray, and bark and rail at all people; and for all this, the reverence to thoſe their Formalities is their ſecurity, their Liberty ever ready, and in their own Power, maugre their Maſter; who, if he did but offer to lay hands on them, had a knock on the pate with their ſtaffe for his pains. Beſides, Wheat and white Bread are not ſo ſcant with them as before, and for their other Cates, no dry ſalt fiſh, or wilde Onion as before, but all ſorts of fleſh, and

Wine

wine of the beſt, & gold from whom-ſoever they pleaſe; for they go about collecting their Penſions, or in their own Dialect ſhearing their Sheep. They ſuppoſe they ſhall have many Contributions, either for reverence of their Cloth, or fear leaſt they hear of it hereafter; for happily they might foreſee this, that they might come to be ranked amongſt the true and right Philoſophers indeed; neither ſhould any be ever able to judg, and diſcern between them, if they were alike onely in their outward guize.

For firſt of all, they admit no tryal at all, let any queſtion them never ſo fairly, or eaſily, they ſtraight way fall a balling, betaking themſelves to their chief Citadel, railing, and their ſtaffe. If you ask for Works, you have many words; and if you would judg them by their words, they preſently hold forth their life. Moreover, the whole City ſwarms with theſe cheats, eſpecially thoſe who

profeſs, and are of the Sect of *Cynicks*, or the *Dog*, *Diogenes*, *Antiſthenes*, *Crates*, who notwithſtanding do in no wiſe emulate the uſeful qualities of the *Dog*, as to keep the houſe, love their Maſters, and remember their Friends; but whatſoever are the worſt things in them, as barking, greedy ravening, frequent lechery, and baſe flattery, fawning upon their Benefactors, and due attendance upon Tables, in theſe they attain forthwith to a very great proficiency. In a word, thou ſhalt ſee preſently what the iſſue of all, I ſay, will be. All handicrafts-men will preſently leap from their ſtalls, leaving their handicraft trades to abandon, when they ſhall perceive themſelves, for all their hard labor from morning till night, ſcarce able to get bread for their mouthes; and in the mean while ſhall behold, idle, ignorant Mountebanks to live in all maner of plenty, asking imperiouſly, receiving readily, taking it in dudgeon, if they do not receive, and neither

neither praiſing, nor thanking if they do. This ſeems the Golden Age retrived to them, when without all pain and labor, honey drops thus into their mouthes from Heaven. And this were the leſs matter, if being ſuch as they are, they would yet do us no further injury. But theſe fellows being very formal and grave, mighty ſevere, and grim to outward and publike appearance; yet if they ſee but a beautiful youth, or a very fair woman, or have any ſuch hope; for modeſties ſake we will bury thoſe their acts in ſilence. But ſome very barbarouſly vitiate the wives even of thoſe that entertain them, and carry them away like that *Trojan* youth, as though women alſo were to turn *Philoſophers*: Then they offer theſe women in common to all they meet, ſuppoſing that they fulfil a precept of *Plato* in ſo doing, not underſtanding in what ſence that ſacred perſon decreed the community of wives; how they behave themſelves at banquets,

how ſtifly they drink, and ſometimes beyond the laws of cheerfulneſs were too long to relate. And theſe things they do, with what invectives think you, againſt drunkenneſs, whoredom, luxury, and covetouſneſs? Indeed, you ſhall finde nothing in all the world ſo contrary as their words, and their works. While they declaim againſt flattery, they themſelves go beyond *Gnathonides*, and *Struthias*, and while they are earneſt exhorters of others to ſpeak truth, themſelves cannot move their tongue without a lye at the end of it, They will not endure to hear of pleaſure, and no greater enemy they pretend to have then *Epicurus*; but in very deed they deny themſelves nothing that may pleaſe them. Then for Cholerick pettiſhneſs, and angry frowardneſs, and that for little or no occaſion, they go beyond the moſt peeviſh of children; ſo that they make very great ſport for their Spectators, to ſee their gravities cholerick, and diſcompoſed,

and

and to change their colours, even upon no occaſion at all; ever and anon diſcovering impudence, and impotence of minde, having their mouthes filled with foam, or rather with poyſon. Be not thou in the way when they poure out that filth. Gold, and Silver! Truly I will have none, a half-peny ſerves my turn to buy me a few *Lupines*, and for drink, the next Spring or River will content me: But a while after they ask not halfpence, nor a few groats, but whole Eſtates; ſo that the gain which they get by this their Philoſophy, is able to ſet up a good Merchant man. Then when they have raked up enough together, and are pretty well to live, off goes that ſcurvy thredbare cloak, and they fall to purchaſing Lands, ſoft Rayment, curled Boys, and whole Lordſhips, bidding adieu to *Crates* his Scrip, *Antiſthenes* his Cloak, and *Diogenes* Tub.

Theſe things when private men behold, they preſently begin to de-

ſpiſe *Philoſophia*, and to ſpit in the very face of her, thinking al to be like them, caſting all the blame upon my doctrine; ſo that of a long while, I have not been able to bring over one of them to me: But it is with me, as with *Penelope*'s Web; whatſoever I weave is ravel'd out in a moment. In the mean while there is ſport enough for ignorance and injuſtice, to behold our imperfect work, and loſt labor.

Jup. O ye gods, what ſtrange things hath *Philoſophia* ſuffered by theſe curſed Raſcals! it is high time to take ſome courſe for their puniſhment. A thunderbolt will diſpatch them at a blow, and make a ſpeedy riddance of them.

Apol. I will tell you Father what is to be done, for I perfectly hate theſe vaunting illiterate wretches, being not a little grieved for the *Muſes* ſake. Upon no terms are they worthy of a thunderbolt, or of your avenging hand: But if you

pleaſe, let us ſend *Mercury* to puniſh them at his own diſcretion; who being himſelf well ſeen in the way of Letters, will be beſt able to diſcern the true Philoſophers from the falſe, and therefore can beſt proportion reward to the one, and as he ſhall finde cauſe, puniſhment to the other.

Jup. Thou ſayeſt well, *Apollo*; go thou *Hercules* too, and taking *Philoſophia* along with you; go abroad into the World, and beleeve this thirteenth labor to be none of thy leaſt, if thou canſt but cut off theſe horrible impudent Beaſts.

Herc. Truly Father, I think it an eaſier task to cleanſe *Augeus* his ſtable again, then to grapple with theſe fellows: But howſoever let us go.

Phil. Though againſt my will I will follow too, in obedience to my Fathers commands.

Merc. Lets away, that we may diſpatch, though but a few of them to day. Which way muſt we go, O *Philoſophia*, for thou beſt knoweſt

where they are to be found? without doubt in *Greece*.

Phil. There are very few there, but such as are true Philosophers indeed. These fellows stand not indeed of Attick poverty, where there are plentiful Mines of Gold and Silver; there are they to be sought.

Merc. Therefore lets away straight into *Thrace*.

Herc. 'Tis well said, and I will be your guide; I am well acquainted in *Thrace*, having been often there. Here, here, turn this way.

Merc. Which way?

Herc. Do you see (O *Mercury* and *Philosophia*,) two goodly great Hills, the faireſt of all the rest, *Hemus* the greater, and over against it *Rhodope*, with a fruitful vail between them, spreding it self to the foot of each Hill, and three very delightful smaller Hills arising out of that Vail, not at all deformed by their asperity and roughness, but like so many noble Forts of a City lying beneath them?

and

and now the City it ſelf appears.

Merc. 'Fore *Jove*, O *Hercules*, a very fair and goodly City, whoſe beauty ſhews it ſelf at a great diſtance. There is alſo a very goodly river that waſhes the very walls of it.

Herc. That's *Hebrus*; but the City is the work of that *Philip*. And now we are nigh the Earth, and under the Clouds; therefore in a good hour let's deſcend.

Merc. Agreed. But what courſe muſt be taken to hunt out theſe Beaſts?

Herc. This muſt be thy part, O *Mercury*, for thou a Cryer, and therefore make thou hue and cry.

Merc. That will be no hard matter; but I know none of their names. Therefore, thou *Philoſophia*, tell me who I ſhall call, and their marks, that they may be known by.

Phil. Truly I do not well know my ſelf how they are called, having had ſo little to do with them; but by their greedy deſire of gain and poſſeſ-

ſion,

sion, you will not be much out of the way, if you call them by some such names as these, * *Ctesones, Ctesippi, Ctesicleæ, Euctemones*, or *Polyctæti*.

* All these names of the greek word κτάομαι, to get, acquire, possess, &c.

Merc. You say well. But who are these? They come nearer and nearer, and look as if they had a minde to speak to us.

Men. Sirs, and you most fair Lady; will you be pleased to tell us, if you met three Cheaters, with a woman in their company, close shorne after the *Laconick* cut, of a Masculine garb, and Manly Aspect.

Phil. O strange! These men seek us.

Men. How? you? all that we seek for are fugitives; but the special search that we make, is for the woman led captive by these men. You shall understand why we make this search for them; let's all joyn in a Proclamation. *Oyez, If any man or woman can tell tale or tydings of a Paphlagonian slave, sprung from the Barbarians of* Sinope, *of such a name as possessions denominate*

denominate him; of somewhat a palish colour, close shorne, with a great busb beard, and a scrip hanging by his side, a thred-bare cloak, angry, ignorant, of an harsh voyce, and a lawlesse life: Let him give notice to the Cryer, and he shall be rewarded for his paines.

Mast. I know whom you cry, Sir; his name was *Cantharus* when hee was with me, and then his hair was long, his beard short, and hee understood my Trade well; for sitting in my fulling shop, he did use to take off superfluous flocks from the clothes.

Phil. This is thy very servant; though at this present he hath the very *Mine* of a *Philosopher*, so accurately hath he trimm'd himself in the Fulling-shop.

Mast. O Impudence, the * *Beetle* plays the Philosopher! no care at all taken of us. Well, we shall finde the rest, if at least, she knows, as she sayes shee does.

* So the word in Greek, κάνθαρος signifies.

Phil. But who is this other that comes, O *Hercules*! A handsome man with

with a Cittern in his hand.

Herc. 'Tis *Orpheus*, my fellow-ſailer into Argos, the pleaſanteſt of all the Ships cheery companie: He ſung ſo ſweetly, that we were not at all ſenſible of the pain of rowing. 'Save you, O moſt excellent, and moſt muſicall *Orpheus*; for I hope you have not forgotten your old friend *Hercules*.

Orp. 'Save you *Philoſophia*, *Hercules*, and *Mercury*. But without any other ceremony, I expect of you the reward of my tidings; for I can tell you news of him you ſeek.

Mer. Tell us, O ſon of *Calliope*, where he is; for I wot well, that thou being a wiſe man, ſtandeſt not in need of gold.

Orph. Thou ſayſt wel. I will ſhew you the houſe where he dwels; but I dare not ſhew you the man himſelf, for fear of being ſufficiently raild at: for he is very miſchievous, and hath made miſchief his only ſtudy.

Mer. Well, ſhew us then the houſe onely.

Orph.

Orph. This next houſe is it: But by your leave I'll get me a little further off, that I may be out of ſight of him.

Mer. 'St, hark, do I not hear a womans voice ranting ſome Rapſody out of *Homer*?

Phil. Yes truly. Let's hear what ſhe ſays.

As ill I hate that curſed wight
As the black gates of hell,
Who makes pale gold his ſole delight,
Yet other tale doth tell. (*deteſt,*

Mer. *Then* Cantharus *the vile thou muſt*
Who us'd his entertainer like a beaſt.

Husb. This verſe concern mee, whoſe wife he took away, for no other reaſon, but that I gave him entertainment.

Fug. *Drunkard, that face of dog doſt ſhew,*
but heart of trembling Deer,
That ne in counſell reck'ned art,
nor yet in dreadfull wear.
Coward Therſites, *of Mag-pies*
the beſt that ere did prate,
In vain O fool, to Royall Kings
thou mak'ſt thy ſelf a mate.

Maſt.

Mast. Very like these are the words of the Villain.

Fug. *A churlish Dog she is before,*
Behinde a Lion fell,
Chimera *in the midst she bore,*
Breathes like the Dog of Hell.

Hus. Wo is me for thee, wife, how hast thou suffered by these dogs? But they say she hath conceiv'd by them.

Mer. Be of good cheer, she'll bring thee a *Cerberus*, or a *Gergone*, that *Hercules* here may have another labour yet. But see, here they come, wee need not knock at the doors.

Mast. Have I caught thee, *Cantharus?* now thou art mute: Come, lets see what thou hast in thy budget; some Lupines, perhaps, or scraps of bread.

Mer. No, I vow, but a golden belt.

Herc. Wonder not he made himself a *Cynick* heretofore in *Greece*, but here he is turned * *Chrysippean.* Therefore it will not be long before he shall see *Cleanthes*; for being so very a vilain, he shall see hanged up by the beard.

* Of χρυσὸς, i.e. Gold.

Master. Thou sirrah Rascal, art not thou

thou Gally-pot * *Lecythio* my fugitive? I proteſt the very ſame. O rediculous! What may not be brought to paſs? And is even *Lecythio* a Philoſopher?

* Λήκυθος, A pot of ointment.

Mer. That third fellow there, wants he a Maſter among you?

Maſter. By no means; I am his Maſter, but care not much if he take his courſe, and be hanged.

Merc. Why?

Maſt. Becauſe he ſtinks intolerably; the name we call him by is * *Myropnus*.

* One that ſmells of ointment.

Merc. Defend me *Hercules Guardian*! heareſt thou? —and lo the Scrip too, and the Staff! But, O thou, take thy wife.

Husb. By no means, I will not receive her, for fear ſhe be with childe of an old Book.

Merc. How, a Book?

Husb. 'Tis good Sir, a Book triple-headed.

Mer. No abſurdity at all, ſeeing one of the *Comedians* was * triple-provided.

* τριφάλλης.

Fugi. 'Tis thy part, O *Mercury*, after all

all this to give judgment.

Merc. So I will. Firſt then for the woman, That ſhe bring not forth a many-headed Monſter, let her go back to her husband into *Greece*. And for theſe run-away Rogues, let them be delivered back to their Maſters, to fall to their trade as formerly; the one *Lecythio*, to rince durty clothes, the other *Myropnus* to patch ragged cloths; but firſt to be well favoredly ſcourged with * Mallows. And for this fellow, let him be delivered over to the * Pitchmen, that he may periſh; having firſt his ſecret parts pluckt, and plotted with abominable pitch; then ſtark naked let him be carried up to the top of *Hemus*, and ſo with his feet faſt ſhackled together, let him cool himſelf in the ſnow.

* μαλάχη.

* πιττωταῖς.

Fugi. Alaſs, alaſs! wo worth us.

Maſter. What's this! are you tragical again? Come away to the pitchmen, and firſt d'off that Lyons pelt of yours, that you may appear an Aſs in your own likeneſs.

FINIS.